Mother come you with me, and for the reſt
That will not follow *Iohn* in this attempt,
Confuſion light vpon their damned ſoules.
Come Lords, fight for your K that fighteth for your good
*Phil.* And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy ſelfe ſhall ſee,
How France will fight for Rome and Romiſh rites.
Nobles to armes, let him not paſſe the ſeas,
Let's take him captiue, and in triumph lead
The King of England to the gates of Rome.
*Arthur.* Beſtirre thee man, and thou ſhalt ſee,
What *Philip.* King of France will doe for thee.
*Blanch.* And will your Grace vpon your wedding day
Forſake your bride, and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my Lord, ſtay you at home with me.
*Lew.* Sweet heart content thee, and we ſhall agree.
*Phil.* Follow my Lords, Lord Cardinall leade the way,
Drums ſhall be muſicke to this wedding day. *Exeunt.*

*Excurſions. The Baſtard purſues* Auſtria, *and kils him.*

*Baſt.* Thus hath K. *Richards* ſon perform'd his vowes,
And offred *Auſtria's* blood for ſacrifice
Vnto his fathers euerliuing ſoule.
Braue *Cordelion*, now my heart doth ſay,
I haue deſeru'd, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy baſe begotten ſonne,
A name as pleaſing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the Duke of Normandy.
Lie there a prey to euery rauning fowle:
And as my father triumpht in thy ſpoyles,
And trode thine enſignes vnderneath his feet,
So doe I tread vpon thy curſed ſelfe,
And leaue thy body to the fowles for food. *Exit.*

*Excurſions.* Arthur, Conſtance, Lewis, *hauing taken* Q. Elinor *priſoner.* (arme

*Conſt.* Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering
Diſpearft



Diſpearft the foes to true ſucceſſion,
Proud, and diſturber of thy Countri
*Conſtance* doth liue to tame thine inſo
And on thy head will now auenged b
For all the miſchiefs hatched in thy b
*Q. Elinor*, Contemptuous Dame
thou,
To braue ſo great a Queene as *Elinor*
Baſe ſcold, haſt thou forgot, that I w
And mother to three mighty Engliſ
I charge thee then, and you forſooth
To ſet your Grandmother at liberty,
And yeeld to *Iohn* your Vncle and yo
*Conſt.* T'is not thy words proud C
*Elin.* Nor yet thy threates proud
mind.
*Arth.* Sweete Grandame, and go
braules.
*Elin.* Ile find a time to triumph in
*Conſt.* My time is now to triumpl
And thou ſhalt know that *Conſtance*
*Arth.* Good mother, weigh it is Q
Though ſhe be captiue, vſe her like he
Sweet Grandame beare with what my
Your Highneſſe ſhall be vſed honoura

*Enter a meſſenger.*

*Meſſ. Lewis* my Lord, Duke *Arth*
To armes in haſt, King *Iohn* relieues h
And ginnes the fight a freſh: and ſwe
To looſe his life, or ſet his mother free
*Lewis. Arthur* away, t'is time to lo
*Elin.* Why how now dame, what is
*Conſt.* No *Elinor*, my courage gath
And hopes to leade both *Iohn* and thee
And in that hope, I hale thee to the f



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)